A General sale of Rebellious Houshold-stuff.

To the Tune of, *Old* Simon *the King.*

REbellion hath broken up House,
and hath left me old lumbar to sell,
Come hither and take your choice,
I'le promise to use you well.
Will you buy the Old Speakers Chair,
which is warm and easie to sit in,
And oftentimes has been made clean
when as it was fouler than fitting.
Says old Symon *the King,*
says old Symon *the King,* (*nose,*
with his thread-bare clothes, and his mamsey
sing hey ding, ding, a ding, ding.

Will you buy any Bacon-Flitches,
they'r the fatteſt that ever was ſpent,
They'r the ſides of the old *Committees*
fed up with the long Parliament.
Here's a pair of Bellows and Tongs,
and for a ſmall Matter I'le ſell 'em,
They'r made of the Presbyters Lungs,
to blow up the Coals of Rebellion.
Says old &c.

I had thought to have given them once
to ſome Black-ſmith for his Forge,
But now I have conſider'd on't,
they'r conſecrated to th' Church:
For i'le give them to ſome Choir,
to make the Organs to roar,
And the little Pipes ſqueak higher
than ever they did before.
Says old &c.

Here's a couple of Stools for ſale,
the one ſquare, and tother is round,
Betwixt them both the Tail
of the *RUMP* fell unto the ground,
Will you buy the States-Council-table,
which was made of the good Wain-*Scot,*
The Frame was a tottering *Bable,*
to uphold the *Independent* Plot,
Says old &c.

Heres the Beeſom of *Reformation,*
which ſhould have made clean the floor
But it ſwept the wealth out of the Nation,
and left us Dirt good ſtore.
Will you buy the States ſpinning-wheel,
which ſpun for the Ropers trade?
But better it had ſtood ſtill,
for now it has ſpun a fair thread.
ſays old &c.

Here's a very good Clyſter-Pipe,
which was made of a Butchers ſtump,
And oft-times it hath been us'd
to cure the Colds of the RUMP.
Here's a Lump of Pilgrim-Salve,
which once was a Juſtice of Peace,
Who *Nol* and the Devil did ſerve,
but now it is come to this.
ſays old &c.

Here's a Roll of States Tobacco,
if any good fellow will take it,
Its neither *Virginia* nor *Spaniſh,*
but I'le tell you how they do make it:
Tis *Covenant* mixt with *Engagement,*
with an *Abjuration* Oath;
And many of thoſe that do take it,
complain it is foul in the Mouth.
ſays old &c.

Yet the Aſhes may Happily ſerve
to cure the ſcab of the Nation,
When they have an Itch to ſerve
Rebellion by Innovation.
A Lanthorn here is to be bought,
the like was ſcarce e're begotten.
For many a Plot 't has found out
before they ever were *thought* on.
ſays old &c.

Will you buy the *RUMP*'s great ſaddle,
which once did carry the Nation,
And Here's the Bit and the Bridle,
and Curb of Diſſimulation,
Heres the *Breeches* of the *RUMP,*
with a fair diſſembling Cloak,
And a *Presbyterian Jump,*
and an *Independent* ſmock.
ſays old &c.

Heres *Olivers* Brewing Veſſels,
and heres his Dray and his Slings;
Heres *Hewſons* Awl and his Briſtles,
with divers other odd things.
And what doth the price belong
to all theſe Matters before ye,
I'le ſell them all for an old ſong,
and ſo I do end my ſtory.
Says old Symon *the King,*
ſays old Symon *the King,* (*Noſe,*
with his thread-bare clothes and his mamſey
ſing hey ding, ding, a ding, ding.

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